

COHASSET COTTAGER.

VOLUME II.

COHASSET, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1883.

NUMBER 31.

The Old Reliable Drug Store.

WM. M. BADGER,
Druggist

Apothecary

Having reopened the old store, I have secured the most reliable and purest of all medicines and chemicals, and am now prepared to supply the public with the same at the lowest possible prices.

DRUGS,
Medicines, Chemicals

PERFUMERY,
Fancy and Toilet Goods,

all of which are of the highest quality.

Also, in stock all the

Popular Patent Medicines,

BADGER'S

Beef, Wine and Iron,

the great Nutritive Tonic.

Also, PROPRIETOR of

BADGER'S

Universal Pile Remedy,

A safe and reliable cure for external or internal piles.

BADGER'S

Kidney Cure,

For Diseases of the Urinary Organs.

Physicians' Prescriptions

Reliably Prepared Day or Night.

GENUINE

"Best Mitten ever made."

PONTIAC

"Wears like iron."

STEAM

"Splendid."

SHRUNK

"Warm as toast."

ALL WOOL

"Thick as a board."

MITTENS.

"Quite a novelty."

ONLY

"Former's Mitten."

38 CENTS A PAIR

AT

The Variety Store

No. Scituate.

WANTED.

A GIRL

To learn to

SET TYPE.

Apply at

HERALD OFFICE,

SCITUATE.

BUTLER NOVELTY,

Printing and Stationery, 100 State St., Boston.

TOWER, BRO. & CO.,

COHASSET.

Have constantly on hand, and for sale, the most desirable grades of

Range and Furnace Coal

At reasonable prices. Also dealers in

LONG AND SHORT LUMBER,

Bricks, Cement, Lime,

Window Glass and Putty,

Builders' Hardware,

Painters' Supplies, Etc.

Office and Wharves on Border Street.

DR. G. T. BAKER,

DENTIST,

170 Tremont St. Boston.

At Cohasset

Fridays and Saturdays,

Teeth Extracted

Without Pain.

Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas.

At Cohasset

FOR SALE

A number of also

RED CEDAR POSTS,

In stock and quantities to suit purchasers.

Apply to

JOHN ROCHE, Jr.,

No. 30 State St., COHASSET.

COHASSET

DRUG STORE

FRANK W. BROWNE,

Druggist & Apothecary,

Cor. Elm and Brook Streets.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

The Democratic of the Second Plymouth District, comprising the Towns of Scituate, Cohasset and Hingham, will hold a Convention in the TOWN HALL, Scituate, on

Tuesday Evening, Oct. 30, 1883,

at 7 o'clock, to nominate a Representative to the next General Court, and to transact any other business that may properly come before them.

GEORGE O. VINAL, District

SETH POSTER, Chairman

CHARLES F. TILDEN, Committee

Z. RICH,

FUNERAL AND FURNISHING

UNDERTAKER,

Elm St., COHASSET.

[I would respectfully inform the public, that having made arrangements with one of the largest and most reliable firms in New England for the supply of furniture at the lowest possible prices, I am now prepared to supply the public with the same at the lowest possible prices. Also on hand for the convenience of my customers one of the

Crosby Celebrated Invalid Bedstead,

the most perfect article of the kind ever yet invented. Orders can be left at his house or at the store and will receive prompt attention.

COHASSET

Mutual Fire Insurance Company

of COHASSET, MASS.

Marion Leavitt, President.

Cohasset Cottager.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

AT COHASSET, MASS.

ADVERTISING RATES VERY LOW.

Subscription Price \$2 per year.

SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

NEWCOMB BATES - AGENT

COHASSET.

CONSIDERABLY "OFF."

The Boston correspondent of the Hingham Journal in giving in last week's issue of that paper, a short account of the destruction and rebuilding of the Minot's Ledge Lighthouse seems in certain passages to have gone rather far in the facts, and as a mistake is better corrected, he will probably not feel affronted at a little friendly correction.

We would first differ with him in the passage "There are very few now living who can recall to mind all the circumstances connected with the destruction of the famous Minot's Ledge Lighthouse in 1851." As this was but 32 years ago, it seems to us that it must be a person of less than ordinary memory, who could not easily recall any circumstance connected with so important a part of the history of our coast as was caused by this calamity.

Further on we read "There was then no direct communication with Cohasset." In this our friend is mistaken, as the South Shore R. R. was opened to the public travel Jan. 1, 1849, giving direct communication with Boston, and has been in constant operation since.

Still further on we read "In 1851, it was decided to lay the corner stone."

"On the 20th of July, 1851, the high tide was running at the high tide, the ceremonies were held at Hingham."

Although some ceremonies in this connection may have been held at Hingham, the ceremonies attending the actual laying of the corner stone were held on the site on which the structure was built before it was placed in its position on the ledge, on what is known as "Government Island," in Cohasset, Oct. 2, 1853.

Now as a few statistics connected with the building of the present light house may prove of interest to those of our readers not already familiar with them, we give the following:

First blow struck on the ledge, Sunday morning, July 1, 1851, at sunrise. Hours worked on ledge in excavating foundation pit in 1851, 130; 1856, 157. On foundation pit and laying four stones in 1857, 130 hours, 21 minutes. Laying six courses in 1858, 208. Laying 26 courses in 1859, 377. Total, 1,002 hours, 21 minutes. First stone laid, July 9, 1857. Lowest stone laid, July 11, 1858. Whole height 114 feet, 1 inch. Height to focal plane from lowest, 96 ft., 1 in. Diameter of third course (the first full course), 30 ft. Diameter of 22nd course, 23 ft., 6 in. Tons rough stone used, 3,514. Same stone after being hammered for use, 2,367 tons. Whole number of stones, 1,079. We also give the following from the Boston Almanac of 1861: "This tower is of dark granite, 30 feet in diameter at the base, and 59 ft. 7 in. high above mean low water. It is surmounted by a bronze lantern, 24 ft. 1 in. high, making the total height above mean low water, 110 ft., 1 in.

The illuminating apparatus is catoptric, of the second order of the system of Fresnel, and will show a fixed white light.

The total plane is 84 feet above mean high water and the light should be visible at high water, from a point 15 feet above the surface of the sea, at a distance of 15 nautical miles. The light was exhibited for the first time, Nov. 15, 1860, from sunset to sunrise on the following morning, to continue every night thereafter.

By authority of the act of Congress, approved Sept. 28, 1850, the light at Scituate is extinguished on the exhibition of the Minot's Ledge light, and the light-vessel station of Minot's Ledge is also removed and discontinued.

The new light bears from Boston Light E. S. E. 1/4 S. distant about 9 miles. It is situated in latitude 42 deg. 16 min. and 5 sec. N.; longitude 70 deg. 45 min. and 14 sec. West from Greenwich. It is the finest specimen of its class of buildings on our extensive sea-coast at the present time.

The first person to light the new lantern was Mr. Andrew W. Williams of this town and on no night since first lighted has the light been out.

Those keepers since the establish-

ishment of the new light, have been as follows: Joshua Wilder, Jr., James Tower, Levi Creed, Frank F. Martin.

A SUGGESTION.

Appropos of a Lecture Course the coming winter: If a speaker's desk could be provided for the Town Hall, gettys-up of anything in that line might find more encouragement and pleasure in engaging talent of a higher order than at the present time, when the undoubtedly economical combination of a new style school desk, collapsed, surmounted by an old style kitchen table of uncertain age and consequent decrepitude, constitute the only article to be found in the building that can by any possibility be made to answer as a rest for manuscript or book, and this contrivance has to be collected and arranged before each lecture or reading. Doesn't this seem, to say the least, a trifle primitive for an intelligent community so late in the nineteenth century?

THE SPAULDINGS.

The performance on the Spaulding's Bell Ringers at the Town Hall last Thursday evening was, as is always the case with this company, attended by a large and attentive audience numbering more than 300 persons.

It has always been a notable fact that the announcement that "the Spauldings are coming," has been in itself a guarantee of an excellent entertainment, well worth double the small price of admission which is charged. The entertainment of Thursday evening was by far the best ever given in this town by this or any other travelling company, and few could be found in the hall who went away without feeling well repaid for their trouble and expense in attending.

The performance on the glockenspiel, xylophone and bells by Little Kittie Spaulding were really wonderful in one so young and would have put many an older player on the same instruments to the blush.

The selections on the harp, cornet and staff bells by George Dean Spaulding were as usual excellent, and received the applause which they merited.

The selections on the hand bells by the company were very pleasing, and as one of the audience remarked it is wonderful "how so fine music can be pounded out from a parcel of old 'cow bells.'"

The "Musical Courtship," by Frank and Fannie Bloodgood was the hit of the evening, the comical imitations on the violin by Frank keeping the audience in a constant uproar of laughter. These two artists proved a very attractive addition to the company, and the entire entertainment was a complete success.

We were sorry to notice before the close of the entertainment, an inclination on the part of some of the spectators in the gallery to create a disturbance, by constant stamping and whistling, but this was immediately stopped by Manager Spaulding, by a few timely words.

A BRAVE ACT.

During the severe storm of wind and rain of last Saturday night, pilot Joseph Jason, Jr., braved the elements in an open boat, alone at midnight, and reached the schooner Sarah Gages, lumber laden, lying at anchor off the harbor in a perilous condition, and safely brought her into port. By this brave act Mr. Jason undoubtedly saved the vessel, as her captain was about to slip anchor when Mr. Jason reached her. Had this been done the chances are that she would have drifted on to some of the ledges near the coast, and have been lost.

We are in receipt of a few articles from correspondents, on the political questions. These all seem to be of one person representing the same party, and as we do not wish to make this a partisan paper or meddle with politics in any way, we feel it our duty to our patrons, who have undoubtedly had enough politics in the Boston papers, to destroy them without publishing. We cordially invite correspondence on any topic which may tend to the improvement of the town, or prove of interest to our readers, and anyone knowing of news items likely to be interesting, will confer a favor by leaving them at our office, at N. Bates' periodical store.

ABOUT TOWN.

Almy!

Barker!

Arnold!

Robinson!

Take your choice.

Vote for the best man.

That is all the space we wish to devote to politics this year.

In the town deed? Where are the political leaders?

Notice change in Tower, Bro. & Co.'s advertisement in this issue.

Mr. James H. Nichols and family are visiting relatives in Troy, N. Y.

The membership of the Cohasset Musical Association has increased to thirty-six.

Extensive improvements are being made on the old Cove Estate on "Cove Bridge."

Why couldn't we have had some of Wednesday's rain last August or September?

Theatre trains twice a week. Shall we live to see a late train to Cohasset every night?

Sergeant Fannie L. Nye, Capt. J. S. Enos, carried away her jib-boom in the storm of last Saturday.

Messrs. Geo. B. Mapes and Geo. P. Tower started Tuesday night for a short vacation trip to Canada.

Arrived 22nd inst., schooner Sarah Gages, Capt. Maloney, with hemlock boards for Tower, Bro. & Co.

Schooner Katie Hall, Capt. Higgins, sailed 100 lbs. of mackerel just received from the Cape of Good Hope.

Mr. Cyrus H. Bates of this town made an eloquent address at the reunion of the 45th Reg. M. V. M. at Swampscott.

Mr. Wm. Edley is completing a contract for 6 life boats, 4 large and 2 small, for the Massachusetts Humane Society.

Mr. E. E. Ellis, of Cohasset has raised on an acre of land 430 bushels of early rose potatoes, 18 of which weighed 26 1/4 pounds.—Stoughton Sentinel.

The voting list just issued contains the names of 499 voters, 63 of which have the cross annexed, signifying that a tax assessed within two years has not been paid.

The south-east buoy, off Minot's Ledge, broke loose from its moorings during the storm of Wednesday and drifted ashore near the "Hazard," off Scituate beach, Thursday morning.

The Cohasset Musical Association will meet for rehearsal at Atlantic Music Hall this evening at 7:30 o'clock sharp. A little rain ought not to interfere with a full attendance at these rehearsals.

Cohasset was represented by 57 voters at the Republican Convention held at Scituate last Tuesday evening to choose a candidate for Representative. Mr. Chas. E. Brown received the nomination. Nearly 1/3 of the votes cast were from Cohasset.

Considerable excitement was occasioned in this village Wednesday afternoon by the report that a three masted schooner was ashore on Scituate beach, and a number of men and boys hastened to that place only to find the vessel riding at anchor a short distance from the beach.

Letters remaining in the Post Office Oct. 1, as follows: Mrs. Joseph Allen, Mrs. Nellie Ireland, Miss Edith Barrett, John N. Everett, Miss E. L. Loring, Betsey Jane Moon, Mr. George Welch, Miss Mary B. White, Miss Annie McLean (2), Miss Katie McGoon, R. G. Dewey.

"Gen. Grant" of this town has just completed a mammoth shoe which he informs us is to be used as a sign by a Boston shoe firm. The shoe is made of kip, is 16 1/2 inches long from toe to heel, 6 inches wide at the center of the sole, and four inches wide at the bottom of the heel. The sole is 1 1/4 inches thick, and the heel is 3 1/4 inches high. It is made as a lace boot, is well proportioned, and makes a very good looking shoe.

[From our Special Correspondent]

One has an excellent opportunity at the present time of comparing American and Foreign workmanship at the two fairs now open on Huntington Avenue.

American work can be obtained of the reputation of some of the Southern and Western states, which exhibit samples of their grain, vegetables, woods, fruits and minerals. Machines of all kinds and all degrees of ingenuity are exhibited.

In the foreign exhibition one finds rare and beautiful objects of art, and work from Italy, hammered brass, Bohemian glass, olive wood articles and in fact more than can be enumerated in this letter.

JALMA.

Many places have been brought out at the Boston Theatre which have been remarkable for scenic splendor and fine mechanical effects, but in the play now on the boards of that theatre the management have outdone all their former efforts. The plot of the play is very slender, indeed it may be said to have almost no plot at all; it appears almost entirely to the eye, and certainly that organ must be entirely satisfied with the brilliant pictures following another and another, and the grand transformation scene at the close. The march of the star army across the sea with the magnificent, altogether the play will well repay anyone who sees it.

HARRIED.

In Scituate, Oct. 21, by Rev. L. P. Cushing, Mr. Frank Cushman and Miss Mattie Wright, both of Scituate.

SCITUATE.

The rockweed teams are plenty just now.

A cold northeasterly storm visited us Wednesday.

See card of Miss Eleanor F. Norris in another column.

The call for Democratic convention is in another column.

Two new houses have recently been built on the Sand Hills.

Andrew O. Waterman is at home sick with typhoid fever.

Geo. Walbach is building a boat house on stage-house beach, 25x15.

The P. V. O. C. have their first dance Nov. 6. Invitations are out.

Mrs. C. T. Gallagher, has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Allen.

Mr. P. Leonard, proprietor of Newport Laundry, has been stopping at the South Shore House.

Rev. Mr. Seaver will preach on Sunday next on the topic "How do Unitarians regard the Bible."

The first regular meeting of Unity Club for the season 1883-84 will be held at the house of Rev. Mr. Seaver on Friday evening.

Mr. Frank Merritt started Saturday for a two or three months' trip south.

We are in hopes to have one or more letters from him while he is gone.

Mr. James Smith was in town Tuesday with his bride, getting his furniture ready for shipment to Bridgewater, where he is to make his home.

Drunkenness and fights have been prevalent on our streets for several evenings past. Where do they get it? Will our selectmen please inform us.

Mrs. George P. Leonard of Newport and her sister Mrs. Hunter of Fall River have been spending the week with their sister, Mrs. Chas. Kenney.

The M. E. Sunday School will give a temperance concert at their church, next Sunday evening. A very pretty exercise, "The two ways," is in preparation.

Mrs. S. A. Snow of Winchester, N. H., arrived in Scituate, Thursday, and will spend a few days among her friends. Mr. S. A. Snow is expected to stop over Sunday.

We are prepared to do all kinds of job printing, and we hope our business men will not forget us when in want of anything in our line. Our prices are reasonable.

Arrived 19th, schooner Helena from New London, took a cargo of 409 barrels of moss for Truslow & Co., New York, and is still in the harbor waiting for fair weather.

During the storm of Saturday night last the schooner Comet, that was anchored in the harbor, broke away and came ashore on the rocks near the old stone wharf. No damage was done.

Eddie Edson is champion so far this season at Scituate, having killed 42 coots last Tuesday. Twice he has killed the same number, and once 50. He also killed a pair of loons at one shot, which is very seldom done.

The Spauldings gave a fine entertainment here Wednesday night, but owing to the storm not a very large audience ventured out. Their programme gave much pleasure and satisfaction, and we hope to see them here again.

Rev. L. P. Cushing gave the talk to young people as announced, last Sunday evening. He spoke not only on what young people should know about temperance, but also about tobacco. It was very interesting as well as instructive.

Schooner Rebecca M. Wall, Boston for Philadelphia, got caught in the storm Tuesday, in the bay, and put back to Boston. Wednesday she struck on Smith ledge, but was not much damaged, and came to anchor Thursday morning steam tug Storm King from T. wharf, Boston, came down, found her crew sick, put back to Boston and got more help and came down and got her off, and towed her to Boston.

DOES ADVERTISING PAY.

Last week we asked one of our merchants to advertise a new lot of goods he had just got in, but his answer was: "It won't pay me, they all know I keep them." But to show that advertising does pay, we will mention a little fact as follows: In last week's issue we inserted a three line item calling for a copy of the HERALD of nearly a year ago, and early the following morning we had two calls with the paper, then three others, and also copies were sent from New Hampshire and different parts of Mass. Did it pay?

RIVER AND HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS.

Gen. Wright, chief of the board of engineers of the war department, has submitted his estimates for improvement of the rivers and harbors of the country, for the coming financial year, to Secretary Lincoln. The sums apportioned to Massachusetts are as follows:

GREENBUSH.

Miss Mary A. Ford, of the Emerson School, E. Boston, has been stopping at home during the last few weeks of her mother's life.

COHASSET.

Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Mr. Peleg Ford, and daughter of the late Samuel Hatch (one of the first settlers in Scituate) died at her residence in Greenbush, Saturday, at the age of 74 years.

Mrs. Ford was born in Greenbush and has always lived there. She was the oldest of a family of seven children, and her death was the first link to be severed in the chain of love which bound the family of devoted brothers and sisters together.

She has been a loving wife, a tender and affectionate mother, a kind and devoted sister, and beloved by all who knew her. She leaves a husband with whom she has lived for nearly fifty years, a daughter, Mary A., and two sons, Peleg and John J., and a large circle of friends to mourn her loss.

The funeral took place at her late residence on Tuesday afternoon, and was attended by a large number of relatives and friends, Rev. W. H. Fish of South Scituate, officiating. The floral contributions were large, and showed with what appreciation the deceased was held in esteem.

NORTH SCITUATE.

Mr. Richard Bryant returned to his city home last Friday.

L. W. Cook seeks a large lot of goods at his residence in North Scituate, Oct. 31. These goods have been consigned to him by different parties and will be a good chance to buy. See notices.

The funeral of Miss Lucy Brown, who died

Special Notices.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for publication must be addressed to the editor, and the name of the writer must be given, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views or opinions expressed in the communications of our correspondents.

LOCAL NOTICE. We wish to call the attention of the readers of this paper to the fact that most of the legal notices, especially tax and mortgage notices, published in this paper are to be printed in a newspaper published in the town where the property is located. If a notice is published in this paper, the owner of the property is liable for the cost of the notice.

SONS OF THE OLD FOLKS IN THE NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Things ain't new as they used to be. A hundred years ago, When schools were kept in private rooms Above stairs or below;

When sturdy boys and rosy girls, Rumped through the drilled rows, And spelled their duty and their 'A's,' A hundred years ago.

Those old school rooms were dark and cold. When winter's master of the snow, And darker was the master's brow, A hundred years ago;

And high hung up the shaven rod, That all the school might see, Which taught the boys and girls, As well as the Rule of Three.

Though 'twas little that they learned, A hundred years ago, Yet what they got they never let slip— 'Twas well whipt in, you know, But now the time is greatly changed, The rod has had its day.

The boys are now by gentle words, And girls by love they cheer, And school-rooms now are palaces, And scholars, kings and queens; They master Algebra and Greek, Before they reach their teens.

Where once was crying, moping and wailing, For something to be done, Now they are all so happy, And not for nothing done.

Yes, learning was a ragged boy, A hundred years ago, With six weeks schooling in a year, What could the world do?

But now he is a full-grown man, And stout attainments run, He's got his liver straighter on, And running everywhere.

—Selected.

WHITE VIOLETS.

BY AGNES JAMES.

I. They were straying about in the sweet old-fashioned terraced garden at Fairfield, Mrs. Fleming's place. There were her two nieces, Alice and Rose Delafield—merry, pretty, chattering girls—and with them, Will Johnson, Captain Wyne, and Max Barton.

Courteney Blair—she called her "cousin Courtney"—and Valentine Fleming had lagged behind the others. It was Valentine's fault. He declared the spring sunshine made him lazy, and finally persuaded Courtney to sit down on the bank, beneath a gnarled old apple tree pink with bloom. The bank was covered thickly—snowed white—with violets.

"If there's an elysium on earth— Valentine began, ecstatically, as he seated himself beside Courtney on the grassy bank.

But Courtney's laughing voice interrupted him. "You needn't finish it," she cried. "There's a wasp on your sleeve." Then gathering her hands full of violets, she said, softly, "How I love these sweet, white little things."

Courteney, whatever her mood, was always bewitching; but today she looked absolutely ravishing. The "Kate Greenaway" caps were just getting to be the rage. Her cousin Edith, who had been abroad, had brought them into fashion in their set.

"All the girls," she said, "are wearing them in the country in England." It was not every one who looked well in them, however; but they exactly suited the half-English style of Courtney.

She wore one now; and what with the saucy air it gave her, the rich reflections in her long chestnut-brown locks, the old-fashioned dress that hid all her neck except a snow-white bit in front, the red hair-pulling lips, and the glorious beauty of her dark-blue eyes, she was to-day, Valentine thought, even more captivating than ever. And her teasing look and words almost drove him mad.

"I wish you would not turn everything into jest," he said vehemently. "How many times must I swear—"

"Do you mean Max Barton?" he asked angrily.

"Oh, don't—hell fly away! There he is on the rose-trellis. Don't you see him? A mocking bird. Listen!" and Courtney drew a deep sigh.

"Why do you sigh?" asked Valentine, gently.

"I didn't sigh," she exclaimed indignantly, flashing round upon him the full radiance of her lovely eyes. Valentine laughed, and gazed at her still more admiringly.

"Only drew a long breath, because—because it is all so sweet, and happy, and peaceful," she went on, softly.

"I wonder why it is," Valentine said at last, slowly, "that you, who are so happy yourself, should delight so in making me miserable."

A peal of laughter and a handful of violets, tossed in his face, answered him.

"You like to be miserable, I think," Courtney replied, still laughing. "You are the image of contentment at this instant, but you love to fancy yourself wretched. Some day or other, when you have knocked about in the world, and are as base and bored, you will say, like the Frenchman (who was it—Lamartine?) 'Oh, the happy times when I was so miserable!'"

"Perhaps I may," Valentine said, gloomily, "because miserable as you make me now sometimes, I should be ten times more so if I hadn't—just a little—hope that some time or other you may care for me—say one-tenth as much as I do for you."

Courteney looked down smiling and coloring a little. "You are so very moderate in your hopes that perhaps they may be realized—some time or other," she said softly, hesitatingly.

"What do you mean, Miss Courtney?" Valentine exclaimed, starting up eagerly, and sitting down on the bank beside her. "Do you care at all for me now?"

"Certainly I do," she answered with the same demure smile, "so much that I am compelled to say that I think you have reposed too long upon this damp bank and we'd better go to the house."

She rose from her seat with a mischievous laugh, as she said this; but he caught her hand and drew her down again.

"You shall not go," he said resolutely. "You must answer me now." Then his tone suddenly changed to one of passionate pleading.

"Don't trifle with me any longer, Courtney," he entreated. "You know how much I love you. Give me a little hope that you can love me. Can't you darling?"

He was holding both her hands and gazing into her face with all his honest, strong, tender, love shining in his deep-blue eyes.

Courteney looked in his face a moment, silently. Then the laughter died out of her eyes; the dark lashes drooped and hid them; the color on her cheek deepened to carmine; and as she half turned away, her head, the slender fingers Valentine held closed softly on his. She did not say a word, even when he took her in his arms and kissed her a dozen times.

"Do you really love me Courtney?" he whispered at last, half believing it was all a dream, and longing to hear her voice assuring him of the reality of it all. She raised her soft eyes and looked at him, and her lips were just parting to speak, when suddenly a high, clear young voice called out from the distant garden gate: "Courteney! Valentine! Where are you? Come here directly, Aunt Ellen says."

Like a startled bird Courtney sprang away, and flew up the walk, Valentine following her more slowly and unable to conceal his chagrin.

"Where are you? Oh here!" exclaimed the impatient voice, and Rose Delafield came hurrying down the terraces, her blonde hair ruffled by the breeze, and her cheeks rosy with running.

"I told Aunt Ellen you were sitting on the bank," she went on, laughing, "and she says 'come there this instant.' Oh, Courtney! if you haven't got grass stains on your dress. You wicked girl! Go to aunt and be scolded."

"Not! Not! Don't go in yet, pleaded Valentine. 'Rose, go and tell her we have gone to sit on a bench in the arbor.'"

Rose's laughing blue eyes flashed from Valentine's eager, entreating face to Courtney's

stinted cheeks and downcast eyes. "No, I won't tell her any such thing. She wants you now, Courtney. There is a letter for you or something," she said.

II. "Are you telling the truth, you little imp of mischief?" Valentine asked, when Courtney had hurried off to the house and left the two standing by the gate. He took Rose by the shoulders, and gave her a laughing, cousinly shake as he spoke.

"Yes, it is true," she said, taking hold of his coat with both her hands to steady herself, and looking up searchingly into his face. "And now you will please tell me what you have been saying to Miss Blair all this time."

"Why do you want to know?" Valentine asked laughing.

"Because I want to know if you have been good enough to say anything serious to her. She's an awful flirt, Val. She's engaged to Henry Eustace, her father's partner, this minute. Oh, Val! you haven't been letting her fool you have you?"

The pretty, frank, childish face, which was looking into flushed passionately, and the girl's blue eyes filled with tears.

The color rose to Valentine's face, too.

"There, Rosie! You don't know what you are talking about," he said impatiently. "She is not engaged to Eustace."

"Oh! then you have been making real love to her. Go your own way then, and you'll see."

And Rose, suddenly tossing away from him with pretty pudence, darted toward the house, turning round once to nod and laugh, and singing, gaily:

"She's foolish too! She's foolish too! Trust her not! Oh, trust her not!"

Valentine watched her run up the steps of the portico, and then he stroked off down the lawn, to smoke a cigar, and to dream of Courtney Blair, and his wonderful, unexpected happiness.

"Well," he thought, when the cigar had burned out, "I suppose she's had time to finish her letter now. I'll go and see if she'll take a walk with me; or perhaps there's no one in the library, and she will come and have a quiet talk there."

In the hall he met his aunt—Mrs. Fleming. She was hurrying along with a troubled, distressed face.

"Oh, Val! I'm so glad you've come," she cried. "Do tell me about the trains for Brayton. Is there time to get to the station for the evening train?"

"Full time. It doesn't pass till four o'clock. What's the matter?" Valentine asked, quickly.

"Courteney Blair is going home. Her father is very ill. In fact, Val—Aunt Ellen drew close to him, and whispered: 'I doubt if she finds him living; but I could not tell her that. Poor child! She knows he is in great danger. She is in such distress!'"

Aunt Ellen, as she finished, hurried off upstairs, leaving Valentine dismayed and grieved by the news.

"My poor little darling," he thought. "She was so happy this morning. I wish I could comfort her. I wonder if I will let me see her. Well, I can at least write her a little note and ask her."

So he scribbled a hurried note, full of deepest sympathy and love, and an entreaty that he might see her, if only for a moment. He gave this note to a servant. He hurried upstairs to her, and his heart aching with pity and tenderness for her, hung about in the large hall, waiting for an answer. A soft step on the stairs made him spring up, eagerly expectant. It was not Courtney, however, but only little Rose, coming slowly down. She was pale and had been crying.

"Oh, Val! is that you? Here is something for you," she said, holding out a little carefully written note. She did not wait to see him open it, but turned and went upstairs again.

Valentine's heart beat, and his hand shook, as he untwisted the sheet of delicate note-paper. There was a scent of violets about it, and, in the corner, a scintillating—L. C. B.—Courtney's initials.

The note was scribbled in pencil, and was scarcely legible, so it was many minutes before he could believe he had read it right. For it contained only these words:

"I do not wish to see you. Do try to speak to me. I am sorry you misunderstood me. Forgive and forget me."

For a moment or two Valentine stood utterly stunned, not realizing what had happened to him. Then he crashed the note in his hand, and walked out of the door, down the portico-steps, and out into the spring sunshine. The sun was shining still. A mocking-bird, in the top of a maple tree, was almost tilting himself over in his efforts to trill longer and louder than ever mocking-bird did before. Nothing in the outer world had changed since Valentine had parted with Courtney at the garden-gate. She had looked back and smiled as she went away. A sweet, tender little smile, that Rose did not see, that said: 'I love you' as plainly as words could have said it. But she had, in spite of it, deceived him, and left him half mad with wrath, and love, and hatred, and regret, and longing. It was almost past belief that she—the girl who could sit there, in God's sunlight, and talk of Heaven: who could say, with serious eyes, that of all virtues she held truth dearest—that she could be false.

Over the hills, and far into the dim of the old forest, Valentine strode; and there, lying on the ground, his face hidden from the light, he fought out the battle with himself, and swore that this girl, with her fair face, and perilously sweet ways, and false heart, should not spoil his life for him. He would forget her, if possible. To forgive her was impossible.

"Oh, Val! we thought you had walked to Brayton, and gone with Courtney. Where have you been?" Rose cried, running down the steps to meet him, as he came back to the house, in the dewy twilight.

"I have been having a last good long walk in the country," said Valentine, quickly. "I must return to the city, and go to work, to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" little Rose said, in a tone of dismay.

"Yes, I have been idle long enough," Valentine answered.

Rose, standing on the step above him, put her two little hands on his shoulders, and bent to look into his eyes.

"Val," she said, quickly, "it's that girl—that detestable Courtney Blair—that you are going to see her?"

"I am going back to New York, to my work, little goose," Valentine said, lightly.

"Don't go, Val. Stay with us, please. Indeed, we will be good to you. Val, don't you care at all for us? Stay a little longer. The child's sweet, coaxing voice grew tremulous with the last words.

"My dear little Rosie! I must go," Valentine said, gently, putting up his hand with a caressing touch to the soft cheek that was so near to his own.

It was wet with tears. The next instant, Rose raised her head with a start, gave him a little laughing push, and ran up the steps, saying, gaily:

"Go then, you bad, ungrateful boy. We don't want you—I don't anyway."

Little Rose was very bright and gay the next day—her eyes shone, her cheeks were like roses, and her laugh was readier than ever. She stood on the steps with the others, and kissed her hand to Valentine with a smile, as he went away. But, that night, her sister Alice woke with a start, and thought she heard some one sobbing. It must have been a dream thought, for when she spoke to Rose, there was no answer—she seemed to be sleeping soundly.

Two months later, Mrs. Fleming wrote to her nephew.

"Courteney Blair," she said, "is to be married very soon, to Mr. Eustace. It is a fortunate thing for her and her mother—poor things—for Mr. Blair's death left them in great destitution. Every one thought him wealthy, but it seems he was utterly ruined. There was nothing for them but a little life insurance money. And Mrs. Blair has always lived in such luxury, and is so fragile and helpless. Mr. Eustace is rich as Croesus, you know—and is a very good sort of fellow—and I've no doubt will make them both happy. Rose and Alice are still here. I shall keep them all summer for Rosie looks pale and thin, I think. However, she is in very good spirits, apparently, and flirts more outrageously than ever. Max Barton is the favorite at present. I wish she would not do it. I don't remember that girls flirted in my day. It was not considered lady-like or honorable. The old place is looking very lovely now, Val. When will you

come and see it—and your old Auntie? Soon, I hope."

But it was not to be soon. A few weeks brought the news to Fairfield that Valentine had accepted a position on a vast engineering-work in Russia.

"I shall be gone for years, perhaps, Aunt Ellen; but when I come back rich and famous, you will be proud of me," he wrote.

"Dear boy," sighed Aunt Ellen, "I am proud of him now. And he will have Fairfield, when I am gone. I wish he could have been contented to stay with me. And he cannot even come to say good-bye to us."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" lamented Alice. But Rose did not say a word, and no one noticed how the color dropped out of her cheeks, and how she bit her soft childish lips, to stop their quivering.

[To be continued.]

The Man with Two Bundles.

When a woman gets on a train with eleven bundles and a hat-box or two, it is inspiring to see her examine each one and carefully stow it away on the seat beside her with no trouble or excitement. The more bundles she has the happier she seems to be. But if a man happens to have more than two bundles he gets excited at once. He goes through all his pockets for an extra piece of string. Then he gets out his knife and places it between his teeth and commences to tie his bundles all up in one package. First one bundle falls to the floor, and as he picks that up another bursts open, and as he is gathering up the pieces the conductor comes along for his ticket. In the excitement he forgets where he put it and hunts over his entire person to find it, when the conductor picks it up off the seat where he had laid it down. By this time he is ready to tackle the bundles again. He puts one on top of the other, plants his knee on them, ties all the string he can find around them, places the package on the floor beside him and never takes his eyes off it until the brakeman opens the door and yells the name of the station.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

And now the merchant wry Will deem it necessary To have an advertisement well displayed, While he looks on.

For that's the proper paper, By which to catch the eye of a customer.

And this is the only one, If you want to do it right, you must get it. A warm recommendation from Mr. D. H. Smith, of the Boston Herald, is a good thing to have. For you can get it at all drug stores at twenty-five cents a bottle.

"A thought in me is in my room now," said Amy, "we have a teacher that rules the school." "What?" replied the high school girl. "I'd be ashamed of myself; you should say, 'governs the horizontal pencil on which the four ropes, not rules the room!'"

NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT "PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE."

It has a wonderful effect on the skin; cures eczema, etc., and is really the best and purest. Its effect upon the skin is wonderful, penetrating it with its injury, leaving it pure, clear and white.

March 10—Who was not three years old had been to the barn with his father to see the horses, when he came in the cat was eating breakfast, Maribelle washed her very lately a few minutes, then he looked at a puzzled look. "Papa, why should this kitty wipe her tail when she drinks her milk? The house dog does."

If Virginia is taken regularly, according to directions, it cures and cures every case of dyspepsia will follow.

A tiny fellow who was his father's name, and who usually was quick to mind, had been quite disconcerted for a few days by his father took him into his lap to talk with him about it. It began by asking him why he had lately been to talk with very promptly the answer came: "Big O—Don't mind little O—why should little O—mind big O—?"

The following testimonial from the Hon. E. D. Bennett, formerly United States Minister to Haiti, at present Consul General of the United States, is a good thing to have.

HATTEN CONGRATE, BOWLING GREEN, NEW YORK CITY, August 1st, 1892.

Messrs. LEWIS & CO., NEW HAVEN, CT. Gentlemen:—In acknowledging your favor of day before yesterday's date, I take pleasure in stating to you that what I have all my life regarded with a certain respect as a medicine with no decided a flavor that I have never before written or spoken in commendation of any of them, a number of my family afflicted with malaria has recently used your "Red Jacket Bitters," and has been decidedly relieved and improved by them. In this regard, I am pleased with them, and I am convinced them to the favorable consideration of those who may be suffering from that malady.

I am, gentlemen, Your obedient servant, K. D. BASSETT, Hatten Consul.

Sold by all druggists.

"Yes," said the young man, "I made up my mind to knock off five dollars on the price of the suit before I ordered it. I thought it was better not to owe so much money; and I guess he finally came to look at it a similar light. He doubtless made up his mind that it would be better to lose \$5 than \$5."

Why are washrooms unreasonable? They expect hot water when it rains hard.

The Lobster.

ITS PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Ten years ago an old fisherman, battered and bleached by many a north wind, standing with pipe in mouth, "calling" lobsters from a "car" at the end of the steamboat wharf on Mount Desert Island, was asked by a summer visitor from Boston, with whom he was well acquainted, "Well, Uncle Jake, do you think you can continue to take so many lobsters from the sea as you are now taking without running out the supply?" After a few whiffs from his black day pipe, Uncle Jake, shutting up one eye in a deliberate manner, jerked out, "Why, Lor bless yer, if everybody on the coast should go to lobster ketchin' it wouldn't make no difference in the ketch. The more yer ketch the faster the tarna critters breed." The visitor, however, was not satisfied, and standing recently on the same wharf, having been told, much to his surprise, at the Parker House in Boston, leaving that famous hostelry, that a salad he had ordered was made of "Nova Scotia lobster," he asked a spruce son of Uncle Jake, the old man having drawn his last "trawl" several years since, why it was that no lobster cars were moored about the wharf as in former years? "Cos there ain't no lobsters," was the laconic reply. "But what has become of them?" was asked.

"The snags killed 'em all off," was the answer. "Smacks for the catching factories?" I venture to suggest. "No, market smacks," said the incontinent Uncle Jake. This caused an investigation into the particulars of the case, and the following are the results:

The lobster factories were a great blessing to the fishing towns of Maine, as they employed the "help," that is, the men, women, and children, the former principally in catching, the latter in preparing the lobster for canning, and the business was looked upon by the better and more thoughtful people as one of mutual interests. As long as there was no large demand outside of the factories, there was no danger of running out the supply, as the demand for canning, although large, was not likely to be sufficiently large to diminish the supply seriously; besides, self-preservation involving in a common interest the packers and the inhabitants of fishing towns, compelled a regard for the perpetuation of the supply. This was evinced by the fact that the packers and the principal people to procure the passage of whole laws regulating the taking of fish, and tending to preserve them.

But smacks from Massachusetts and New York began to descend upon the coast, increased continually in numbers, a lively Western demand for the live article sprang up, and soon a terrible slaughter began, almost destroying the catch on the Maine coast in a few years.

This demand for "fresh," as the smacks call it, all the principal packers united with the fishing people to procure the passage of whole laws regulating the taking of fish, and tending to preserve them.

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GEMS OF HUMOR.

A philanthropic and very modest gentleman recently visited a mission Sunday-school, and was prevailed upon to make an address. "Children," he began and then paused. "My dear boys and girls," he said, making a second start. Another awkward stop, when he paused for a third time: "My young friends—!" Just then a lad in one of the classes, thinking that he was waiting for some greeting in return, cried out: "Hello yourself!" The speaker collapsed.

Bishop Wurtzburg, a noted clergyman, used to delight in telling a joke at his own expense. He was walking in a meadow, when he met a little shepherd lad. "What are you doing, my son?" said the Bishop. "Tending wine, your reverence." "How much do you get?" "One florin a week." "I am also a shepherd," continued the Bishop, "but I have a much better salary." "That may be, your reverence; but then I suppose you have more pigs under your care," replied the boy.

"Say, you have got any buff trimmings to go with this stuff?" asked a flashy dressed woman of a store-keeper. "I think so, miss," answered the urbane salesman, taking down a piece of goods, and spreading it on the counter. "Buff? Do you call that buff?" exclaimed the woman. "Guess you don't know your business, young man! That's too dark for a buff!" "But miss, that is—" "It's too dark!" I can see it, stupid!" "Why, of course it's dark, my dear young lady!" persisted the man. "It's blind man's buff; the new shade, you see." He sold the goods.

A tall man, impressively polite in his manner, accepted a well-known citizen on a Troy street. "My friend," said the tall man, "I am a furrier from Worcester, Mass. I have walked all the way to this city. I am familiar with the French, Latin, and Greek languages, and can speak several East India tongues. But I am really in need of something to eat. Can you help me by giving me a little money?" "Do you speak Hebrew?" said the citizen. "I must confess I am unacquainted with Hebrew." "Well, here's ten cents for not speaking Hebrew," said the citizen. "Thank," was the reply. "It pays sometimes not to know too much, don't it?"

"Ah, here are some interesting statistics," said Mr. Job Shuttle, as he wiped his eye-glasses. "It seems that twins occur only once in 89 births." "Well, that's encouraging, now, isn't it?" said his wife with a smile. "And triplets," continued Job, "occur only once in 7,910 births, while quadruplets only once in 371,126 births. Great Jinks what a family a man must have before he can be the happy father of quadruplets!"

A farmers' journal recommends "blanketing the bees in Winter." A man should be careful which end of the bee he grabs when he goes to put a blanket on it, or he may "blank it" considerably more than he bargained for.

"For what are we created?" said a female lecturer on beginning her speech. "For what are we created?" in a loud key. Then, third and last call. "For what are we created?" she fairly shrieked; and she was just on the point of explaining the matter, when a voice in a far-off corner shouted: "I give up."

A young man on a train was making fun of a young lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the seat with him. "Yes," said the seat-mate, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet some fool would make fun of it."

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it passes from mouth to mouth. The fact is not generally known that Edward I was the original crowned Ed of Europe.

A difference: A friend of mine, when told the other day of the death of a well-known stock dealer, replied: "Why he's worse off than I am. I'm dead broke; but he's a dead broker."

"What does 'luz' mean?" asked Brown. "Luz means light," replied Smith. "That's what I thought," said Brown. "But I wasn't certain. I know my luck's always light, however."

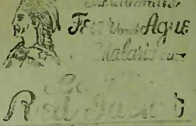
"Why are you laughing at, my dear?" asked Mrs. Jones of her husband, who was chuckling over his morning paper. "Something I saw here," he replied, "but it's hardly funny enough for two."

Professor to class in surgery: "The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright student: "Limp, too."

A small boy of four Summers was riding on a hobby-horse with a companion. He was seated rather uncomfortably on the horse's neck. After a reflective pause, he said: "I think if one of us gets off I could ride much better."

The train stops; an employee announces that the time of the station is a voice which is completely unintelligible. "Speak more distinctly," says a traveler; "we can't understand a word you say." "Do you expect to have tenors for \$18 a month?" growls the railway employee.

As the doctor turned sadly away from the patient whom he had found using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, he said: "It beats me every time."



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